

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 121.

## The Principles of Nature.

### THE SPIRAL.

The following communication from a scientific correspondent is highly interesting, and will be perused with pleasure and profit by many readers. Such discussions are especially adapted to this department of our paper, and we shall be pleased to receive them as frequently as may comport with the convenience and inclination of the writer.—Ed.

There are many words in common use seeming to have general significations, which we occasionally find with a special intention differing from their generally accepted meaning. This may be said of the words grace, spirit, truth, love, charity, and many others. Some of those words we meet with in the ancient poets, where they seem to be without pertinent use; but the more recent investigations of Spiritualists, and consequent adaptation of these words to wider significances, enable us now to re-read the older poets, and to find new beauties, evidently known to them, and dependent upon the use of these special terms. Among the class of words to which we refer is the term *spiral*. It is occasionally used by the oldest writers, when speaking of things known as adjective properties of matter and of mind. We also find it used by the mechanical and natural philosopher as denoting particular direction of line of travel. At a later date we find Swedenborg making free use of the word spiral; still later, Andrew Jackson Davis has found it a convenient term to express modes of transmission by ethereal media, of which many of us have but a slight knowledge. More recently, Mr. Harris, in his "Epic of the Starry Heaven," seems to have used this term in so many phases as to have almost defined its exact use in every variety and form of one-horse power.

From all this we readily arrive at the conclusion that the dynamic force of this engine was great, that the source of this force was due to the multiplication of a very slight repellent force by an immense ratio of velocity, and this result could be attained in no other way than by the spiral line of travel.

How easily then may we conceive that rarer media capable of spiral movement, and with velocities equal to that of the travel of light or electricity, may exert a force as great as any of the known forces. May this action of the rarer media, occupying the different portions of space, not bring together the finely divided simples which may be pervading space and thus produce nebulous "matter," or, indeed, "any" of the substances of which the planets are formed? It is well known that men sleeping in buildings, the cellars of which contain large quantities of lead, have Devonshire or lead cholic, and that plumbers who work near hot lead have paralysis and other diseases consequent upon inhaling atmosphere containing lead. Who is not familiar with the color of brass or copper, and how do we know but what all space may contain quantities of either or all the simples not appreciable to our means of investigation? If a single grain of iron is to be found in each thousand cubic miles of space, then as there is no end to space, there would be iron enough to form a new universe, and it would only require the spiral action of the rarer media containing it to render it to the surface of the planets in any degree of compression or condensation. How do we know but the odors of flowers by spiral movements in space may be compressed into proximates soluble in water, and thus brought down by rains for the resupply of plants. Which of us can tell where thoughts leave off and materials begin? Who can define the exact difference and degree between an adjective and a substantive, between quality and quantity? Who can analyze sound, or who knows if that property in nature which we call attraction may not be the exercise of rarer media traveling in spiral form, and thus producing a force known to philosophers to exceed in power all other known forces and called attraction. The attraction of the globe for all substances placed upon or near it, and the attraction of substances for each other is the antagonism of all other known forces. The effort of men and animals, the expansive power of steam, the exercise of all Nature's laws of a dynamic character, so far as we know, are employed in overcoming the statical condition of matter produced by this invisible medium, attraction, which probably exercises its functions by traveling in a spiral line. All the diffused sounds that have occurred since the creation of the world may be now undergoing a process by spiral condensation for reiteration in new forms. The very will itself, and every desire may be substantively treated. We leave the subject for further illustration in the hands of your readers.

PHÖNIX.

### FORBEARANCE.

We sometimes see in our streets a spiral movement of the atmosphere on the side-walk, which carries up with it a large amount of dust, containing often very heavy particles; this ascends even with the tops of the houses, and is there thrown out, filling the whole street with dust. From the want of color in the atmosphere we are unable to know the rate of travel in this spiral, but it evidently shows that the application of a small amount of force, in this particular direction, is capable of exerting itself in such a manner as to produce great results.

Carry the investigation still further, and notice a tornado passing over the surface of the country; large trees are twisted up at their roots and deposited in other localities, and if the wood be afterward used, it is sometimes found to be crushed in all its capillary tubes so as to brush and disintegrate its fiber. On the ocean we see immense bodies of water, known as water-sprouts, carried up in spirals of atmosphere. It is here, as in all the cases we have quoted, a mere question of velocity, and not of quantity, and we find the same facts more beautifully illustrated in some of the electrical phenomena.

It will be remembered that the invention of De Larue, known as De Larue's ring, consisted of a helix of wire, the termini of which, by being attached to the poles of a galvanic battery, would magnetize a rod of iron suspended in the open-

### REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS

BY POETIC SPIRITS.

We have been intensely interested in the perusal of the following letter and the accompanying examples of poetic inspiration. These lyrical effusions are certainly very classic and beautiful in sentiment and versification, while the rapid and otherwise extraordinary manner of their composition affords strong and convincing evidence of their direct Spiritual origin. The development of Ada is remarkable in every aspect of the case, and we feel assured that the sources of her inspiration can not be otherwise than pure and exalted. A thousand hearts will respond to the fond mother's prayer, that her angel-taught child may be preserved from all evil, and that the current of her life may forever remain clear as the unpolluted springs of being. Angels who inhabit the Celestial Heavens! draw near from your sublime abodes and watch over the inspired one! Oh, look into the calm depths of her soul! and as the stars of heaven are mirrored in the still waters, so shall your immortal charms be reflected in the spirit and life of Ada.—En.

STEAMER "SARAH," ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.  
NEAR VICKSBURG, July 23, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Not having access to your paper, and being unable to recollect your address or learn it from any one on board this boat, the jarring motion of which so affects my handwriting as to render it unnatural and, I fear, almost illegible, I labor under great disadvantages in arranging the facts which I am about to communicate, and which, I trust, will not prove barren of interest to the multitude of your intelligent readers. It is not, I presume, generally known that the subject of *Spiritualism* has either attracted the attention or excited the investigation of a portion of the citizens of Galveston (Texas), the place of my residence. Such, however, is the case, and the circumstances I am about to relate constitute a part of the facts or results that have thereto been produced.

I may hereafter, if desired, give fuller details of the developments and manifestations wrought by Spirit-influence in our distant and humble island; but it must suffice at present merely to mention some of the occurrences of the last few weeks, and those as connected with a single medium, *partially*, but in a degree, I believe, wonderful and astonishing, developed about the first of the present month, and still, I trust, progressing rapidly to a more elevated and perfect development as a *partial* medium.

The subject of these remarks is a young girl whose name is Ada, only fourteen years of age, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Stone, whose husband is a highly respectable dentist of our city. Ada until quite recently has been known only as a quiet and affectionate child—a docile, modest, and amiable school-girl, attractive only by the sweetness of her disposition, the simplicity of her character, and a sedate, retiring deportment—in complexion, a rather pale blonde, with an exuberance of dark hair, rather large, deep-set eyes of a peculiarly soft, dreamy, and somewhat melancholy expression. She has not attained her growth, and retains all the *naïveté* of childhood.

About the middle of June last several gentlemen and ladies of Galveston formed a circle and met twice a week at the house of her mother—she and her husband being members—for improvement in spiritual knowledge and intercourse. Ada was always present, but not until after several sittings was it intimated or suspected that she *was* or *would be* a medium. The medium relied on was a gentleman (Mr. G.), who, being seized with illness soon after our organization, was unable to attend, and consequently the members met almost hopeless of success. After continuing around the table, however, for nearly two hours, faint and feeble raps were at length heard, which in the course of another half hour became very loud, frequent, and distinct. The alphabet was called for, and some seven or eight of the most distinguished musicians who ever lived announced their names, among whom were Mozart, Handel, Haydon, Paganini, Beethoven, Von Weber, etc.

They would not communicate or converse with any member of the circle but Ada; refused to answer any other; stated that their object was to aid in her development as a medium; directed that the circle should continue its sittings; and informed us that she was to become an extraordinary medium. All questions had to be put by and answered to her, with a few exceptions, and after a few sittings the *physical manifestations* became very astonishing.

About the first of July I was compelled to be absent from the city on business, and did not return until Saturday evening, the 15th inst. On entering my door my wife informed me that Ada had become developed as a *prophetess*, and proceeded at once to exhibit pieces of her poetic composition, all written during my absence, upon reading which I was not only greatly astonished, but deeply affected.

I called at her residence the next morning, and after reading all the pieces she had then written—amounting to fifteen in number—I requested her to describe to me the mental and physical condition in which she wrote such charming poetry. She complied, and from her description it seems that she continues in her normal condition. She does not pass into a state of trance, but at some time during almost every day she feels strongly impelled, as by some resistless agency, to write. She takes her pen; the piece—be it poetry or prose—is vividly impressed on her mind, and her hand glides with great celerity,

and without the action of her own will, over the paper, and in the course of a very few minutes, quicker than it could be copied by the most ready penman, the piece is completed.

She is delighted, but in no degree vain or elated with her talent; claims no merit of authorship; believes herself an instrument in the hands of some superior and benevolent intelligence for the accomplishment of a great work, which, by the way, has been repeatedly promised by the mysterious source from which she derives her inspiration, and God grant that she may never be other than the pure, humble, and unsophisticated being she now is.

I send you a number of her pieces, copied under the disadvantages mentioned, amid the confusion of a crowded steamboat and the jarring of discordant machinery. Her first effort was a prose composition, written on the 5th instant, as a school exercise. On the next day she was again *impressed*, and after two lines were written, she remarked to her mother, who was sitting by her side: "Oh, ma! it is going to poetry!"

I have marked the copy of this piece thus (*first piece*), that you may distinguish it. It seems addressed to her, contains excellent advice intended for her observance, and, like several others, manifests a tender interest, an affectionate regard, a deep and pure friendship felt toward her by her heavenly guardians. This feeling on the part of her immortal friends has often been exhibited, and in divers ways. Her mother, who is a good writing medium, read to me a beautiful poem written with her own hand, evidently by the guardian intelligence of Ada, filled with directions touching her course toward her daughter, two lines of which, as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows:

"Thou hast one duty here below—

To watch and guard thy child."

Just before I left my house on the 16th instant to go to the steamer on my present journey, Ada called with her mother, and read to me the short but sweet piece, written by her only a few minutes before my departure, and which I have copied and marked—in order that you may identify it—thus (*sixteenth piece*). She was desirous of furnishing me with some evidence of her talent before I left, and the result was the production of those beautiful lines.

I inclose also a *brief note* addressed by Ada to my wife (about the 7th inst., but undated), and an *original poem* entitled "The Anthem of the Sea," written on the 13th instant, within the space of five minutes. The poem shows her handwriting, rapidly executed under Spirit-influence—all her pieces being in a similar hand—while the *note* exhibits her ordinary handwriting. Thus you will be able to compare her chirography under both conditions, and I think, upon close inspection, a great similarity between the two hands may be discovered.

Ada had written sixteen different poems at the time of my leaving Galveston, on the 16th of July inst. The first original poetry she ever wrote, the copy of which is marked (*1st piece*), as aforesaid, was written on the 6th inst.; all the others between the 6th and 16th, making sixteen original pieces in ten days. I feel that any remarks or comments from me on the merits of these productions would be utterly useless. They speak for themselves, and have received from critical and competent judges, in New Orleans and elsewhere, to whom they have been submitted, the need of approval, commendation, and praise. All, of nice poetic taste and cultivated intellect to whom they have been submitted—and I have submitted them to none other—have expressed an enthusiastic surprise, delight, and admiration that a *child*—a young school-girl of fourteen—should display such cultivated taste, brilliancy of imagination, purity of diction, and maturity of poetic genius as these poems evince. I presume that ere this day the number of her pieces has been more than doubled, and their character elevated and improved. May we not anticipate the accomplishment of something great through such a medium—the realization of the prophetic assurance announced in her behalf by the bright but invisible intelligences which surround, guard, and inspire her?

How superior to the graces of the drawing-room are those immortal graces, woven in the wreath yet to adorn thy brow, sweet Ada! daughter of the muses and beloved of angel-hearts! if thou canst but hold thee unsubdued by surrounding temptations, and ever pure as thy "Childhood's Prayer!"

It is little remarkable that every poem is in a *different measure* from all the others—no two being in the same meter or measure.

OH, HOPE NOT THOU FOR HAPPINESS.

ADA'S FIRST PIECE, WRITTEN JULY 6, 1854.

Oh, hope not thou for happiness,  
That paradise below,  
That idler's dream—and poet's guess,  
And—mortal's never know!  
For while the human passions sway  
A single smile or tear,  
So long unrest and bitterness  
Will dominate here.  
And look not on some glittering state,  
And wish such lot were thine;  
We ne'er can know what thorns may mar  
The flower for which we pine;

Whist though thy path be gemmed with gold,  
And fond ones strew thy way,  
Dark clouds will oft the heart infold—  
No human power can stay.

And while thou'ret brooding o'er thy lot,  
Thou'l find the evil throng  
Come trooping through thy own pure heart,  
That hath such hate of wrong;  
Then lowly let thy spirit be,  
And quench thy heart abide  
That gentle maiden charity,  
To turn life's thorns aside.

MY CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

My childhood's prayer! oh, not a flower  
But minds me of its purity;  
The lowliest daisy in the bower  
Brings back that gentle prayer to me  
With all the looks of infancy.

I never look upon a star  
But that its radiance seems to be  
A beacon from the days afar—  
A memory of the joys that were  
All fleeting—but my childhood's prayer.

TO THEE, ADA—SPIRIT-COMPANIONS.

The following poem was written (exclusive of the fifteen lines next after the first) on Saturday, July 8th, within the space of about five minutes, by Ada. The same evening her mother, while mentally invoking spiritual aid for her child, heard a voice distinctly and impressively whispered in her ear, thus:

Mother—"Oh! preserve her pure and spotless!"—

Voice—"I will! I will!"

Mother—"And not suffer her to be overpowered by temptations to sin!"

Voice—"No!"

Above, around, in every nook,  
Where nothing seems but viewless air,  
Strange faces peer with watchful look,  
Strange figures hover near.

But other shapes are crowding near,  
Shapes that fill my soul with fear!  
Though some are passing fair to see,  
Yet others' sons are fierce and grim!  
Monsters, from which my soul would flee,  
All flitter 'round; these phantoms dim,  
Beck'ning and drawing nigh to me,  
And seek to win mine car!

They come! I can not drive away  
The outstretched arm, the living eye—  
Their progress! but in vain they try!  
Bright angels, fold me with your wings,  
Mine car with tempting voices rings,  
My soul with sudden fear is lost—  
Help! help! or all is lost!

Bright feet upon the dew-drops press,  
Rose-tinted pinions stir the air!  
Then in my heart my God I bless,  
That his bright angel-guards are near,  
And sometimes to my drooping eye  
They show like sunbeams passing by.

But, shrinking from the garish light;  
Oft sit I in my lonely room,  
And through the silent hours of night  
Gaze on the forms my Spirit-sight  
Discovers in the teeming gloom—  
Forms that have hovered by my side,

Seen or unseen, for solemner years,  
At times with hope and pleasure bright,  
Radiant at times with heavenly light,  
Oft veiled and dimmed with bitter tears,  
Now headed—now defied!

I see you now, my Spirit-friends,  
Folding me with your loving arms,  
Bending, as a fond mother bends  
To shield her child from frosts or harms,  
And, 'mid the forms that guard me 'round,  
One figure makes it holier ground,  
For, grandmother, thou art there!

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

It e'er hath pealed in strains sublime  
Since first began the march of time,  
When morning stars together sang  
And new-born earth with music rang;  
Then over all more bold and free  
Was heard the anthem of the sea.

At times it breathes a gentle note,  
And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float,  
Then swelling high, in chorus vast—  
Borne perchance on the stormy blast—  
Is heard in higher, grander key,  
The fearful anthem of the sea.

The deep-toned base in Nature's song,  
It pours its mighty voice along—  
And wide is heard the sounding roar—  
As forth it rolls from shore to shore;  
A worthy praise, oh, God to thee,  
This glorious anthem of the sea.

\* The quo<sup>r</sup>e ego of Virgil.  
† These fifteen lines included in brackets were written on the 9th inst. (Sunday), together with the following directions, by the hand of Ada: "Please write next to the first, then all will be right. Comfort your mother—she must not be feared. No harm will come to you. I will watch over and protect thee. I was the angel that whispered, 'I will! I will!' and 'No!'"  
‡ After this poem was completed on the 8th, a question arose respecting the word "garish," neither the medium nor any of her friends, to whom the poem was shown on that day, recollecting ever to have seen the word in the English language. At their suggestion, Ada inquired of the Spirit whether it was the proper word. She received an immediate and emphatic answer in the affirmative. And surely, in the concession, a more fit or appropriate word can not be found—"garish."

Roll on thou anthem, ever roll  
Thy chorus shout from pole to pole,  
And bear upon thy soaring wing  
The notes of praise that mortals sing.  
And e'er till time no more shall be,  
Roll on thou anthem of the sea!

This stirring anthem was written on Thursday, July 18th, 1854, in five minutes.

## INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOUR.

The following (doubtless) Invocation to the Saviour (the subject was not expressed) was written on the 6th of July, within not exceeding seven minutes:

Offspring of heaven's Almighty King,  
Coequal with the Eternal Sire!  
Whose glories from Light's fountain spring;  
Whose God-head glows with holy fire;  
Behold the gloom of Night decay  
Before the lucid eye of Morn,  
While distant skies and fields display  
What splendors Day's approach adorns!  
But oh! untouched by Wisdom's beam,  
The soul in error sleeps profound,  
And wandering in her sensual dream,  
Heeds not the scene of ruin round!  
Oh! Sun of truth, divinely bright,  
Bid Earth's dejected features smile,  
Scatter the deadly clouds of Night,  
That would our wayward steps beguile.  
Bid every passion-storm subside,  
And hold the heart's emotions still,  
Dissolve the snows of human pride,  
Teach us to know and do thy will.  
Oh! pour thy sacred influence down,  
Let Life's celestial dews be given,  
Let deathless flowers our Eden crown,  
And Earth become the gem of Heaven!

## YOU WONDER WHY!

I copy the following from the original manuscript in the handwriting of the medium, which is now before me. I did not inquire as to the day or time in which it was written:

Gently as the weeping-willow  
Sighs responsive to the breeze,  
Or the morning zephyrs whisper  
To the half-unfolded leaves,  
Bends the choir of kindred Spirits,  
Wakeful to each other's strains,  
Each the other's impulse sharing,  
Knows its joys and feels its pains.  
Sweetly as the wind-harp trembles,  
Swept by fairy hands unseen,  
Where the genii haunt the bowers  
In the summer woodlands green,  
Speaks the silvery voice confiding,  
Breathing through its tranquil tone,  
Thoughts whose depth of latent being,  
Sing the fountain of our own.  
Fondly as the waking flower,  
From the drowsy air of night,  
Smiles to greet the pleasant morn,  
With its cheerfulness and light,  
Turns the lonely heart from sadness,  
Yielding to the mystic tie,  
Which transmits the sweet assurance  
That a kindred soul is nigh.  
Pave the source, oh! kindred feeling,  
Whence thy sweet impulses flow,  
Sending hope and joy and gladness,  
Man, without thee, ne'er might know.  
Thou dost preach of love immortal—  
Love beyond the sphere of time;  
Thou hadst, sure, thy birth in heaven—  
Earth is not thy native clime.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SIXTEEN PIECE.  
In the hush of the evening alone,  
A mother sat watching her child,  
When a light o'er its fair features shone  
And its lips in soft murmuring smiled;  
And she listens to catch every sigh,  
And joy took the place of a tear,  
For it talked of the Angels on high  
And whispered—My Father is here!  
My Father is here!

And her heart grew so calm and serene  
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,  
Where so often the lov'd one was seen.  
For she knew that "his Spirit was there!"  
Then she press'd the soft lips of her child,  
And felt that an "Angel was near!"  
For it woke to her pressure and smiled  
And whispered—My Father is here!  
My Father is here!

Search for the meaning of this (comparatively speaking) fable. It is given under the semblance of a mother's love.

Note.—The above was written on Sunday, the 16th of July, 1854, at 1 o'clock p.m., in three minutes. The punctuation and quotation marks are copied from the original.

## ADA'S NOTE TO MRS. A.

It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and almost surprise that I received the more welcome note from yourself. To your many kind inquiries I am happy to give each a satisfactory answer. I do most surely feel as if I were surrounded by pure and heavenly Spirits. Oh! I do hope that it is not imagination on my part; indeed, I am almost certain it is not. Mama bid me say she had not heard the whispers of the Angels again, but she prays that she may again hear those exquisite words baying up the heart—"I will! I will!" If I am inspired to-day (and I do most sincerely hope I will be), I shall certainly hasten to show it (the piece) to you, and receive your comments, for it is very pleasing to myself to see you so enraptured (as it were). Do pardon all faults, and in the expectation of seeing you very soon, I will close.

I am yours, most truly,

A.D.A.

I may be mistaken as to the importance of the matters here communicated, but not as to the facts. Of the latter I am an eye-and-ear-witness—member of the circle in which Ada was developed. I have exaggerated in nothing, but on the contrary, have related only a few of the leading facts, leaving the rest, and all the circumstances connected with the history of Spiritual Manifestations in Galveston and elsewhere in Texas untold. Physical manifestations produced by Spirit-influence in a series of wonderful examples not surpassed in "modern instances" I could relate; but these compare not, in my view, either in vitality or importance, with the intellectual developments—one instance of which I have here recorded—the remainder rest untold.

Yours truly,

E.A.

Note by the Editor.—Our correspondent refers to Judge Harvey Baldwin, of Syracuse, Henry Sheldon, of this city, and other distinguished gentlemen here and elsewhere, who will vouch for his character and the fidelity of his statements. E. A. will please accept our thanks for these interesting contributions to the *TELEGRAPH*. We shall expect to hear from him again soon, and as often as the nature of the developments or his own inclination may prompt him to write. We send the paper to the parties named by our correspondent.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote, "It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

## FACTS AND LAWS.

We are first led to the discovery of natural principles by observing natural phenomena. Without the facts constantly presented in the ever-changing phenomenal aspects of the outer world, the human mind in its external, sensuous plane of development could have no knowledge of the laws and forces of material nature. Every visible fact is an illustration of the invisible principle on which the fact itself depends. We could know nothing of the laws of planetary motion, chemical affinity, and molecular attraction, in the absence of the facts and experiments which serve to illustrate their operations. In like manner we learn that water becomes solidified below the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, and that at 212°, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, it boils and is rapidly converted into vapor. We also learn by witnessing the facts—how else should we learn?—that all ponderable bodies within the sphere of the earth's attraction are drawn toward its center; that a cork will float in the water, while iron will sink; that the *will* has power over the *muscles*; and it is from our observation of facts alone that we ascertain the effects which the elements produce on our bodies. This knowledge could never be deduced from any ideal premises; nor could we by a possibility reason from laws never once revealed in their effects. Moreover, every phenomenon in Nature, that may be perceived by the senses or otherwise, is a revelation to man of some truth, which, without this tangible expression, might have remained concealed and unknown through all time. Thus the objects of the natural world constitute a significant and beautiful picture-language, wherein Deity records and reveals the vailed and sublime realities of his Universe.

But if the importance of a critical observation of facts, in the department of physical science, is too obvious to be denied or doubted, it must be even more apparent to the philosophic mind, that, in the realms of the occult and spiritual—wherever the principles involved are furthest removed from the familiar experience and common comprehension of mankind—it is still more essential that we mark all their outward phases and aspects. Thus invisible principles are seen in their action on visible forms; we become conscious of the existence of the law by observing its operations; and while all natural and spiritual causes are imperceptible by the senses, their *effects* may be perceived, and through these, with rare exceptions, we arrive at a knowledge of the causes themselves. We may not require additional facts to establish a foregone conclusion, but without these, others may wander in doubt and uncertainty forever. We must not, therefore, undervalue the *phenomena* of our time, for these, if we may be allowed the expression, are the visible finger-points of God and his ministers, directing the children of men to the inner temple of the Divine mysteries.

## REDUCED TO PRACTICE.

Belinda Marden Pratt, an inmate of the grand harem of the Mormon Apostle of that name, in writing to her sister, Lydia Kimball, Nashua, N. H., vindicates the character of her husband, and thus urges the argument for polygamy, founded on the examples in Biblical history:

"If God shall count him worthy of an hundred-fold in his life, of wives, and children, and houses, and lands, and kindreds, he may even aspire to patriarchal sovereignty, to empire, to be the prince or head of a tribe or tribes, and, like Abraham of old, be able to send forth, for the defense of his country, hundreds and thousands of his own warriors, born in his own house.

"I have a good and virtuous husband, whom I love. We have four little children which are mutually and inexpressibly dear to us; and besides this, my husband has seven other living wives, and one who has departed to a better world. He has in all upward of twenty-five children. All these mothers and children are endeared to me by kindness—by mutual affection, by acquaintance, and association; and the mothers, in particularly mutual and long-continued exercises of toil, patience, long-suffering, and sisterly kindness. We all have our imperfections in this life, but I know that these are good and worthy women, and that my husband is a good and worthy man—one who keeps the commandments of Jesus Christ, and presides in his family like an Abram. He seeks to provide for them with all diligence; he loves them all, and seeks to comfort them and make them happy. He teaches them the commandments of Jesus Christ, and gathers them about him in the family circle to call upon his God, both morning and evening.

"Dear sister, do not let your prejudices and traditions keep you from believing in the Bible, nor the pride, shame, or love of the world keep you from your seat in the kingdom of heaven, among the royal family of polygamists. Write often and freely."

The logical and theological Belinda, having been invited by some friend to visit the Granite State, responds in a complimentary, cool, and pious strain as follows:

"Now, to visiting my kindred in New Hampshire, I would be pleased to do so, were it the will of God. But first, the laws of that State must be so modified by enlightened legislation, and the customs and consciences of its inhabitants, and of my kindred, so altered, that my husband can accompany me with all his wives and children, and be as much respected and honored in his family organization, and in his holy calling, as he is at home, or in the same manner as the patriarch Jacob would have been respected, had he, with his wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred.

"As my husband is yet in his youth, as well as myself, I fondly hope we shall live to see that day.

"For already the star of Jacob is in the ascendancy; the House of Israel is about to be restored; while 'Mystery Babylon,' with all her institutions, awaits her overthrow."

## GIVE US IMPORTANT FACTS.

We publish a paper not merely to gratify ourselves, nor expressly to interest a few philosophers and metaphysicians, but to disseminate the truth among the multitudes who crowd the highways of life; to overthrow fanaticism and skepticism; to silence gain-sayers, and to aid in collecting the scattered elements for a system of spiritual science whereon the hopes of the doubting world may one day securely repose. With these objects in view, we must regard every important fact as worthy of record. A portion of our readers may prefer philosophical disquisitions to particular facts. We shall endeavor to gratify them, by devoting a reasonable proportion of our space to a discussion of the questions of mental, social, and spiritual philosophy. But in regarding the wants of a small but highly intellectual class, we must not disregard the wants of a much larger number who still feel the need of tangible facts and a strong conviction; nor lose sight of the fact that each succeeding number of our paper finds its way into the houses and hands of some who have yet to learn the alphabet of Spiritualism. Therefore, send us your important facts.

## PERSONAL.

Judge N. F. Hyre, of St. Louis, and his esteemed companion, have been spending a few days in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, during which time we have had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with them. The Judge is a gentleman of inflexible principles and conciliating manners; he is, moreover, a firm Spiritualist, and devoted to the cause. Mrs. Hyre is ardently engaged in the same cause, and speaks in the entranced state under the influence of Spirits. On Tuesday evening of last week she made a brief address before the conference assembled at our Rooms, which was characterized by good sense and a winning manner. We also learn that she addressed the conference at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday afternoon. The Judge and Mrs. Hyre left this city on Monday evening for Albany, Troy, and Saratoga. They will remain some days at the Springs. We take great pleasure in commending them to the confidence and fraternal regards of all who, like themselves, hold the truth in love, and honor its requirements by righteousness of life.

## REMARKABLE CURE.

We well remember our interview with the lady who writes the subjoined letter, and we rejoice that her daughter who was severely afflicted is now entirely restored. A few such cases will not fail to establish the reputation of Mr. Randolph, in this community, as a clairvoyant and healing medium. If he is equally successful in other cases, his rooms at 100 Prince Street will soon be crowded with patients, and much human suffering will be removed or averted.—Ed.

NEW HAVEN CENTRE, Aug. 15, 1854.

Mrs. BRITTON:

I yesterday received a letter stating the fact that Mr. Randolph had had his daughter for the last time, as she had no further use for him. I think the case well worth publishing. I consider Mr. R. a very superior clairvoyant, and in justice to him and my own feelings, and for the sake of sufferers like my daughter, the wonderful benefits derived from his power should be widely circulated; in this I think you will fully concur.

My daughter very suddenly lost the entire use of the left arm, together with the milk of that breast. This was succeeded by a rapid curvature of the spine, until she was drawn wholly to that side, with no power to straighten herself. The doctors who were summoned to her aid called it rheumatism, but they could not conquer it. She was daily growing worse, and her disease was accompanied with great depression of spirits. As a last resource, as you may remember, I called at your office, providentially, as I conceive; you recommended Mr. R. to me; I called upon him and asked him to accompany me to Hoboken; as there was a rich lady I wished him to see. I did not tell him the particulars of the case; he went with me to see my daughter, and after a short interview went in the trance state. I will now give the substance of his language as nearly as I can remember.

"Lady, your present difficulty arises from two causes: the nervous system received a shock four weeks before the birth of your child (which was at that time ten weeks old), the other cause is more remote; you injured your shoulder some years ago; you thought nothing of it at the time. Lady, I can help you; you must take no more medicine; you must remove these applications from the arm; in three weeks you shall raise that hand to your head; in four weeks you shall be well." He then rubbed the limb until it was in a glow; before that it was cold. He has called three times each week, and she is now a well woman, just as he said she would be. She can be seen at Mrs. Campbell's, Garden Street, Hoboken, three doors from Second Street.

## ORTHODOX SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

The following interesting account of a spiritual interposition in behalf of a poor man on the brink of destitution and probable starvation, is copied from the *Religious World*, an orthodox journal published at Hartford, Connecticut. We take pleasure in adding this testimony, adopted and sanctioned by our opponents, to the reality of tangible interpositions from the unseen world in favor of those still living in the flesh, and who are in need of the aid which heaven and God alone can give. We are glad to see papers which advocate the doctrines of the existing sectarian churches, occasionally giving publicity to articles such as the following, even though their publishers do not believe the inferences legitimately deducible from them; for circulating as they do more or less among the unsophisticated and free-minded, they can not but hasten the universal recognition of the reality of intercourse between the present and the higher world, and thus restore to religious and spiritual faith its lost vitality:

Dr. Joseph Stennet resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford; had a wife and several small children, and walked seven or eight miles every Sunday to hear the doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances. Bad weather seldom hindered Caleb's attendance at the house of God, but there was a severe frost one winter which lasted many weeks, and blocked up his way so that he could not possibly pass without danger, neither could he work for the support of his family. The doctor and others were concerned lest they should perish for want; however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennet spied him, and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said:

"Oh, Caleb! how glad I am to see you. How have you done during the severity of the weather?"

Caleb cheerfully answered: "Never better in all my life. I not only had necessities, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining."

Caleb then told the doctor that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but he found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, "Provision." On his inquiry who sent it, the man said he believed God sent it; no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles—bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, etc., which served them through the frost and left some remaining to that present time.

The doctor was affected with the account, and afterward mentioned it in hope of finding the benevolent donor; but in vain, till about two years afterward he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford. This Dr. T. was a man of good moral character and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a gracious woman, and a member of the church. Dr. Stennet used to go and visit her now and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. S. with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. S. thought it his duty to introduce something entertaining and profitable. He spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled and said:

"Caleb, I shall never forget him as long as I live."

"What! did you know him?" said Dr. S.

"I had but a very limited knowledge of him," said Dr. T., "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Then Dr. Talbot related the following circumstances. He said, "The summer before the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding on horseback, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As

he was riding along he observed a number of people assembled in a barn; he rode up to the door to learn the cause, when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed happened to walk by his side.

"The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed—he could not tell exactly whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, 'Send provision to Caleb.' He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavored to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he thought he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again. But the doctor's mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; at last he imagined he heard the voice so powerful saying, 'Get up, and send provision to Caleb,' that he could resist no longer. He got up, called his man, bid him bring his horse, and he went to his larder and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to load the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb.

"Caleb, sir!" said the man, "who is Caleb?"

"I know very little of him," said the doctor, "but that his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go and you will be sure to find him."

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

## FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 15.—Mr. Hosmer criticized the common proceedings of spiritual Conferences. He thought they were too much like the proceedings of the sects. What good had Spiritualism done? True, the very agitation of thought which it had caused had done some good. But has it developed the truth that will save mankind—not in the future, merely, but in the present world? He thought Spiritualists bestowed too much thought on the future, but not enough upon the present world. We must take care of to-day, and the future will take care of itself. Mr. T. Jones cited an answer to the question, What good had Spiritualism done? He said it was given by a young man whom he had met in coming into this room this evening, and who declared that it (Spiritualism) had made him a better and a happier man. Mr. J. spoke of the good influence that Spiritualism had done upon himself in not only making him more cheerful and happy, but more active philanthropist. He thought that with such evidences of the power of Spiritualism to bless

## Foreign Correspondence.

## FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT:

London, July 14, 1854.

Friend BRITTON:

It has been my good fortune, during the past year, to meet Dr. John Ashburner several times, in my own rooms, at his own house, and elsewhere, and, inasmuch as his weighty name is intimately associated with many of the most interesting discoveries of our times, and especially with spiritual manifestations, it seems to me it would be especially interesting to the readers of your journal to have some account of the man, in order that they may picture to themselves how he looks, acts, and talks. Nothing interests us so much as a man. Whether "the proper study of mankind is man," or not, our eyes are ever hungry for the sight of those who have in any way distinguished themselves. The truly great have the spontaneous admiration of the world. We need no homilies or hero-worship in order to bend the knee before one endowed with the rare gift of genius. And our curiosity is always commensurate with our respect. The great man can not escape us; neither does he wish to escape us, if in reality he is great—if he has any thing more than the image of greatness without the substance; on the other hand, he invites the gaze of the world, having an unalterable faith in the truths that possess his soul, and in the final judgment of mankind.

I shall make no apology, then, for attempting to draw a portrait of Dr. Ashburner. I shall not attempt to flatter, but shall be as rigidly exact as the structure of my mind and the accuracy of my observations will allow me to be. And if this should ever meet his eye, such is the nobleness of his nature, that he would only pity me for any attempt at flattery, and would be grieved that truth should have less homage than himself.

I am not in possession of any thing like an accurate outline of his personal history. I know that he lost his father fifty-six years ago at Bombay, in India, when he was quite young; that he studied at Dublin University, where he became intimate with the celebrated Professor Macartney; that he has distinguished himself in his profession, having become member of the Royal College of Physicians, Accoucheur to the St. George's and St. James' Dispensary, Physician Accoucheur to the Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital, Lecturer on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children at St. Thomas' Hospital, in London; that he has written highly esteemed medical treatises; that he has translated the celebrated work of the Baron Von Reichenbach, adding notes of his own quite as curious and profound as the original itself. He now resides in the "West End" of London, where he has a fine practice and enjoys an enviable position in society.

To receive a friendly visit from Dr. Ashburner is a rare pleasure. The first visit I received from him gave me an impression of the man that several subsequent interviews have confirmed. His manner is at once simple and courteous. He exhibits no offensive self-consciousness; that is always sure to defeat its own end. He retires behind the noble truths that he eloquently utters, and seems more desirous of winning respect for them than admiration for himself. The current topics of conversation with him are the great laws of science and the eternal facts of mind.

No wonder, then, that in a community especially conventional, he has met with opposition, and has had to face pitiless storms of calumny. With a mind so constituted that it naturally gravitates toward the true in itself, it has been impossible for him to be satisfied with mere forms to accept the shell without any regard to the substance within. With an organization enabling him—ever compelling him—to seek the first true, the first beautiful, and the first good, how could he busy himself with mere tradition and hearsay! It has been with him a necessity to think and act for himself. Conventionality speedily takes vengeance on originality. It laughed at Fulton, shook Copehauer over the devil's pit of an Inquisition, and crucified Christ. Dr. Ashburner, for desiring to freely think and freely act, has been cruelly persecuted by those members of the profession who never can go beyond precedent, who eat dust from the soiled hand of custom. Not only has he been vilely misrepresented in private and in public, but attempts have been made to bribe his own servants to testify against his private character.

Yet such is the nobility of his mind and moral nature that, in the midst of such persecutions, he has not lost his serenity of temper and his faith in the upward tendency of humanity. "It may be wisdom," he says, "not to be too soft and credulous, but depend upon it, the statistics of the existence of rascality and knavery in society, and the relative proportions they bear to honesty, will not bear out the proposition that it is wiser to suspect every man to be a knave until you have proved him to be honest. The world may be bad enough in morals, but unless there were a great deal more of good than of evil in the human heart—in the human brain, I should say—society would not hold together as it does. I know no man who has been hit so hard by the villainy and knavery of his brethren as I have myself been; and yet, attributing much to the influence of bad circumstances operating upon the bad moral organizations it has been my misfortune to meet with in medical life, I should be sorry to come to the conclusion that my worst enemies were not to be far more pitied than blamed."

Such noble sentiments are not expressed merely for the public eye. His deeds answer well to his mind and heart. Much to the injury of his professional reputation, he embraced the truths of mesmerism, and advocated them with the dignity and modesty of a great man. When the new and wonderful truths unfolded by the strange experiments of the Baron Von Reichenbach were published to the world, he not only accepted them regardless of all personal loss, but spent many laborious months in rendering into English a book that has justly become so celebrated. And the same large, candid nature made him open for the reception of any truths that might be contained in "Spirit-rappings." His own account of his first experience in spiritual communications is so characteristic of the man that I can not omit it here, although many of your readers may have seen it before.

"I had always regarded," he says, "the class of phenomena relating to ghosts and spirits as matter too occult for the present state of our knowledge. I had not facts enough for any hypothesis but that which engaged for them a place among optical phantoms connected in some way with the poetical creations of our organs of ideality and wonder, and my hope and expectations always pointed to the direction of physiology for the solution of all the difficulties connected with the subject. As to the rappings, I had witnessed enough to be aware that those who were not deceiving others were deceiving themselves; and there really exists on our planet a number of persons who are subject to the double failing of character. Having been invited by a friend to his house in Manchester Square, in order to witness the spirit-manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, my good friend can testify that I went expecting to witness the same class of transparent absurdities I had previously witnessed with other persons described to me as media. I went in any but a credulous frame of mind; and having, while a gentleman was receiving a long communication from his wife, whom he had lost, under melancholy circumstances of childbed, some years ago, watched Mrs. Hayden most attentively, and with the severest scrutiny, I finally satisfied myself that the raps were not produced by her, for they indicated letters of the alphabet, which, written down in succession, constituted words, forming a deeply interesting letter, couched in tender and touching terms, respecting the boy to which that eloquent mother had given birth when she departed from this world. If Mrs. Hayden could have had any share in the production of that charming and elegant epistle, she must be a most marvelous woman, for during a good part of the time that the raps were indicating to the gentleman the letters of the communication, I was purposely engaging her in conversation. The gentleman would not himself point to the letters of the alphabet lest his mind should in any way interfere with the result; and, therefore, he requested the lady of the house to point to the letters for him, while her husband, seated at another part of the table, wrote down each letter indicated by the raps on a piece of paper.

"I was now kindly requested to take my turn at the table, and having successively placed myself in various chairs, in order that I might narrowly watch Mrs. Hayden in all her proceedings, I at last seated myself, relatively to her, in such a position as to feel convinced that I could not be deceived; and, in fact, I was at last obliged to conclude that it was weakness or folly to suspect her of any fraud or trickery."

The appearance of the doctor corresponds well with his character. He is rather above the ordinary size, compactly and powerfully made. His head is very large, well-proportioned, and very high. His whole look would indicate that with him to speak truth and live truth is a necessity as well as choice. He is apparently about sixty-five years of age, and his kindly and grave manner inspire at once benevolence and respect.

Dr. Ashburner has himself become a writing medium, receiving from

time to time communications from his father, from Professor Macartney, and others. Some of these he has read to me. Those from his father, especially, are exceedingly beautiful and full of wisdom. I have often urged him to make some of them public property, but the Spirits do not permit him as yet. May the privilege soon be granted, when we may have a worthy companion to the book of Judge Edmonds.

VIATOR.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Arnold, and Other Poems. By J. R. OATES. New York: PARTRIDGE &amp; BRITTON.

The above volume has been issued and on our desk some days, and through our delay in noticing it has been undesigned, we are rather glad thereof, as opportunity is now given us to say a word of the very unjust manner in which it has been reviewed by a portion of the press. Mr. Oates is a hard-working man, and a member of the editorial profession, which he has labored in faithfully and acceptably about a quarter of a century. He formerly conducted a journal at Binghamton, N. Y., and is now attached to the press of our city. It was during his past editorial career that the poems embraced in his volume were composed, many of the briefer ones finding their way to the public eye and heart through the leading literary journals and magazines. The well-tested popularity of a number of these waifs, which have floated and lived amid the wreck of much more pretentious literature for years, caused his literary friends, from time to time, to urge their collection in a substantial form. The leading poem, a tragedy, entitled "Arnold," based upon the well-known events in that traitor's career, and occupying the larger part of the volume of one hundred and fifty pages, had never before been put in print, but it had been submitted to well-known critics, who pronounced it highly meritorious, and advised its publication. Prevailed on by these pleas of his friends, as well as by a desire to recover his pieces from the mutilation incident to a long run through the newspapers, Mr. Oates decided to publish a volume—his first, but we hope not his last—and his relationship to the craft of letters should have secured him at least a candid hearing from the press. That he has not been thus heard, nor even read in some cases, is evident from the verdict of his critics, who hasten to pronounce his poems void of any and every merit, without giving the shortest poem or line to prove the reasonableness of their judgment.

We have found, after a long and somewhat close observance of the manner of modern critics, that they fancy it smart and popular to cry down all literary efforts, beyond certain favorite circles, as "trash," "stuff," and all sort of thing, and no doubt many of the conceited shallow-pates find that a much easier way to dispose of a book than to carefully digest it and render a faithful judgment. We have come to take it quite for granted that a book thus dispensed has not been read by the critic. After a careful and, because of the peculiar circumstances, a more than usually careful reading of Mr. Oates' poems, we have found the sweeping condemnation of it almost utterly false. Mr. O. makes no pretensions to being a Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Shelley, but having a soul of song, and a fountain of simple, earnest melody and sentiment to utter, he has yielded himself to his paramount spirit. And, by the way, the fact that Mr. Oates is an earnest "Spiritualist" may have influenced judgment against him. Some of our secular and religious press-folk fancy that Spiritualists can say or do no good thing. But it happens that Mr. Oates' volume is made up of utterances having no direct reference to Spiritualism, further than that their morality and teachings are high and pure, and therefore in accord with Spiritualism.

They were all written prior to his adhesion to the new faith. We have not space to give extended quotations, and shall pass the Tragedy, with the remark that it is highly artistic in plot, faithful in its characters and incidents, and pervaded with patriotic sentiment. Tragedy has been called, with how much justice we shall not pretend to say, superior to the Epic form of poetry even—in short, the highest form. That it is the most difficult, we easily believe—and to have written a fair tragedy, as Mr. Oates has done, ought to be satisfactory to him, whatever flippant criticism may say. Among his shorter pieces are many that have the true ring and sparkle, and some that will long survive the lives and memories of most of Mr. Oates' critics. The song to "The Broken Lyre" is very beautiful, so much so that we quote it entire:

## THE BROKEN LYRE.

I have not struck my broken lyre  
So long, its tones are strange to me;  
Yet music's spell of holy fire  
Is on me as it used to be.

I could have sung, but would not sing;  
And yet, sometimes wept to fling  
My hand upon its strings,  
And wake the sounds which sleep so long,

And find in gentle realms of song  
The calm that music brings.

Welcome! thrice welcome to me now;

I take thee to my heart again,  
My ancient lyre; and I will bow,

And woo thy soft consoling strain.

I will not part again from thee,  
If though will lend thy light to me

Through this dear waste below;

And thou shalt cheer the passing hour,

And sometimes drop a fragrant flower  
Along the path I go.

And if the beautiful, the bright,  
Thou'll show to me, of earth and air,

The coral depths of ocean light,

The grand, the gentle, and the fair,

And raise me on some more's wings,

I'll try to mend the broken strings—

Rickling up thy fire;

For the cold splendor of the earth

Can give me nothing that is worth  
The music of my lyre.

And the song to "The Strawberry"—

O the red, red strawberry!

Give me the berry of June—

Its nectar is sweeter than the grape,

Its pulp, than the royal prune,

is an exquisite bit, which the reader of the volume will not fail to enjoy. Three of four Sonnets in the volume are full of fine sentiment, expressed with a nice sense of the artistic, on which the Sonnet depends much for excellence. "Music," an ode, containing lines not unworthy Dryden's ode to "St. Cecilia's Day," is another of Mr. Oates' best efforts; and "My Brown Hulun," and two or three poems addressed, evidently, by the poet to his child, are tender-thoughted and melodious. But one of the poems that most stirred us, and one that has found abundant favor with the public, and will live generations hence, is the sujoined, with which we must close our quotations at this time:

## A SONG FOR THE MILLION—A PRAYER FOR US ALL.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,  
God of the flowers, God of the worm!

Hear us, bless us,  
Forgive us, redress us!

Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing,

Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—

Teach us to love thee,

To love another, brother thy brother,

And make us all free—

Free from the shackles of ancient tradition,

Free from the censure of man for his neighbor;

Help us each one to fulfill his true mission,

And show us 'tis manly 'tis Godlike to labor!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,

God of the beautiful, God of each one!

Clothe us and feed us,

Illume us and lead us!

Show us that arduous holds us in thrall—

That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all.

Satter our blindness;

Help us to do right, all the day and night—

To love mercy and kindness;

Add us to conquer mistakes of the past;

Show us our future, to cheer us and arm us;

The upper, the better, the mansions thou hast;

And God of the grave! that the grave can not harm us.

Fruit and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man. By JOHN SMITH. With Notes and Illustrations by R. T. TRAIL, M. D. New York: FOWLER & WELLS. From the Second London Edition.

It required no volume to convince us of the truth sought to be established by the above work, to wit, that livers upon fruit and farinacea are healthier, happier, and better developed in every respect than the meat-eaters. We have been, almost life-long, convinced of this fact, and that, too, from personal experience and observation. We were never in the dilemma of the fellow who wanted meat-food to sustain his bones,

fancying they would "give out" on vegetables, for we believe that oxen and horses contrive to keep up their bones on vegetable matter. But to those who have not reflected, nor investigated in relation to the subject, this volume affords conclusive evidence of the superior value of fruits, grains, and vegetables for human food. The whole question is thoroughly discussed, and many illustrations are given to render the argument clear. John Smith, the author of the work, is no mythologic person, but a genuine man, of eminent ability for the discussion of the topic in hand. In addition to his multifarious facts, the American editor, Dr. Trail, a distinguished Hydropath, has appended much valuable matter, and the Messrs. Fowlers & Wells have issued the volume in the handsomest manner. It will be found highly interesting, as well as useful reading.

## DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. The conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme, and both came to the conclusion (rather a remarkable one for theologians of that day to arrive at), that it could not be true that we were to sing to all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon his pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying. He saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave his body; but how could it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that his soul had left his body. He himself stood beside the bed looking at his own corpse, as it was an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him.

While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, as he knew not how, but presently found himself floating over London, as if pillow'd on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs.

"Ah!" thought the emancipated Spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this foolish scramble! For what do they toil, and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens.

"How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought the Spirit. He looked, and saw a large purple wing, and then he knew that he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he. "To heaven?" was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to heaven," said he to the Spirit.

"This is heaven," replied the angel.

"This! Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty, but I could imagine just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless, it is heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the center, on which was a golden vase filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase, "for all who would know spiritual things, must first drink of spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood behind him, smiling most benignly. The Spirit instantly dropped on his knees and bowed down his head before Him. The holy hands of the Purified were folded over him in blessing, and his voice said,

"You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the mean time, observe well the wonders of this temple."

The sound ceased

## Interesting Miscellany.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,  
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;  
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,  
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her;  
Walk with the beautiful.

I hear these say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"  
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure  
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,  
For thou can't make it smile beside thy door;  
Then love the beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,  
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;  
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,  
And thou art made a little lower only;  
Then love the beautiful.

Sigh for it! clasp it when 'tis in the way!  
Be its idolater, as of a maiden!  
They parents bent to it, and more than they,  
Be thou its worshiper. Another Eden  
Comes with the beautiful.

## DOCTRINES AND PROPHECIES OF SPIRITS.

The following will be read with interest by those who are collating and comparing the different and often antagonistic doctrinal utterances now coming from the spiritual world. The declarations therein embodied have at least the merit of a bold definiteness, and are somewhat striking in other respects. In consequence of the somewhat crowded state of our columns, we are unable to give the article of our fair correspondent in full, but select from it the points which we deem of the greatest importance and of the most general interest. The Spirit of her brother being in communication with her, she records his declarations, and those of other Spirits, as follows:

He says the slaves will be liberated in six years; that the European war will continue two years; and that then the kingdom of God will come with power and great glory. He tells me that he is in the sixth of the celestial spheres; that the sixth of the celestial sphere is the highest happiness to which the inhabitants of this earth attain; that Jesus Christ is above all; that he was God manifest in the flesh, and that he is king over all. He says he has visited the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter; that the language of the inhabitants of Mercury and Venus is like ours, but the language of the inhabitants of Mars and Jupiter is different; that the people of Jupiter are now perfect, but once were sinners; also, that the first man that inhabited this earth was Adam; that the Spirits at Mr. J. Koons', in Ohio, are a band of Spirits from Mercury, and that they have come here to earth to do us good. He says the sun is a globe of fire; that all the planets will ultimately be drawn to the sun, and be burned with fire; that those of the first and second of the terrestrial spheres will share the same fate, while those of the celestial spheres will escape; and that the sun is the emblem of the great Father of us all.

He tells me all the Spirits in the sixth sphere are united as one to establish on earth the church of Christian liberty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through these manifestations many prophecies have been uttered which are yet to be fulfilled. I have conversed with Spirits of the fourth, fifth, and sixth of the celestial spheres. They say that all there agree in matters of importance; that Jesus Christ teaches them, and that he also teaches me. They all say that the millennium commenced with the Christmas preceding 1848, and that this is the reason why Spirits now communicate with us. Since the commencement of 1848 I have been crying millennium! millennium! and in return receiving contempt of the world; which I had rather endure in the cause of truth and righteousness, than to meet the applause of the wicked multitude. The Spirits tell us the wicked will never be happy; which does not mean that wickedness will never be destroyed, but signifies that sin and misery ever go hand in hand.

These heavenly messengers teach us that there are two terrestrial spheres which are abodes of misery; and that these correspond to what Jesus called hell; that in the first of these spheres (having left the natural body) they can not communicate with the living, but are in silence, and must remain there in chains of darkness till the millennium is over, when they will be raised to life through Christ, and will be made anew and as perfect as those that are now members of Jerusalem.

Those that are in the second of the terrestrial spheres can communicate with us. A woman from this sphere has communicated with me. She said she was poisoned by her husband, and that the reason why she is in this sphere was because she did not have faith in Christ; that she now could have faith, but it would do her no good. She expected to be always miserable.

The Spirits teach us that by the sufferings and resurrection of Christ we are now enabled to enter the celestial spheres through faith in him; that the doctrine of the atonement, as taught in the New Testament, is correct, and that the Bible should be the guide of Spiritualists.

Yours, in the cause of truth,

CHARLOTTE H. SHEPARD.

VAN ELTENVILLE, CHEMUNG CO., N. Y.

## ERROR AND ITS REMEDY.

I perceive in the TELEGRAPH a prophecy, purporting to come from the Spirit of Washington, foreshadowing trouble to the Republic from Catholicism. From the fact that Spirits, to a great extent, continue their error in the next life, I should judge these communications to emanate from some ranting divine, who, in the form, was so wont to denounce for opinion's sake, that he finds it difficult to check his intolerance even now; and, to give greater force to his proclamation, he assumes the names of those whose images are most deeply impressed upon our hearts.

That error exists—that vigilance is necessary to prevent a repetition of past injustice—we do not question. But is Catholicism the only error, and are the grounds of fear real or imaginary? We think not. Supposing either of the sets—the largest of which does not number over 2,000,000—or all combined (4,700,000 in all), should purpose taking things in their own hands, how supremely ridiculous would the attempt prove! With a population of 24,000,000 of generally educated and liberal people, regarding justice and law, and having both on their side, we should suppose nothing more ridiculous than the attempt alluded to.

There is a right way of overcoming error, and Spiritualists should endeavor to find it out. Intolerance and bigotry are never lessened, but strengthened, when opposed by intolerance and bigotry. Abuse error and its abettors are made more harmonious and united in its defense—but you strengthen what you would destroy. Would you melt the iceberg with cold currents, or bring to bear upon its solid front, the Southern sun? Truth is a sun, before whose influence, undisturbed, the frozen mountains of error melt in time.

Here, in this heaven-blessed land, there is enough truth to eradicate, by its own inherent power, every error. Blended with light and intelligence, the twin powers of charity and association, if it does not in a short time totally destroy, it must render it at least tolerably inoffensive. If a brother err, shall we revile him? If he differ from us, shall we crucify him? Rather with a friendly eye, an extended hand, a heart of love, meet and reason with him. And as well may we attempt the storming of Siliaria with spit-balls, as to disturb error from its pre-diseased position by reason, without arming ourselves, also, with a goodly share of the milk of human kindness.

A. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1854.

## Farmer's Department.

## PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

PUTTING IN OF GRAIN CROPS.

BY H. C. VAIL.

The season for putting in grain crops is rapidly approaching, and we deem it not out of place to make some suggestions as to modes of preparing the soil, etc. To many of our readers these hints will not appear novel, and as to methods of sowing, use of drill, etc., our Western friends are already well aware of such recent improvements. There are districts, however, in which the grain drill, subsoil plow, and special manures have not become as "familiar as household words," and where the advantage to be derived from their use is often questioned. We hope to treat the subject in such a manner as to convince many farmers, who are now doubtful, of their utility.

We shall consider the subject in hand under the heads of mechanical and manual preparation of soil, and what may be denominated the protective benefit arising from such treatment, and from mulching.

**Mechanical Preparation of the Soil.** Every intelligent farmer must be aware of the fact that he plows for the purpose of disintegrating the soil, admitting new quantities of atmosphere and water for the preparation of the food of plants, and to present new surfaces to be attacked by their roots. He knows that unless the constituents of plants looked up in particles of soil is liberated, that his crops will be light; and he also knows that all chemical action for the decomposition of bodies, by atmosphere or external agencies of any kind, can only take place on the surface, hence it is that stirring the soil previous to putting in a crop is so beneficial. This also explains why two, three, or more plowings, in many cases, prove more valuable in final results than one. Those who are guided by tradition, old fashions, or their semi-god, which they term experience—but which in reality is contracted observation—usually stir the soil partially to a depth of four or six inches; whereas our more thorough farmers plow eight, ten, or twelve inches, and run the subsoil plow fifteen or twenty inches below the bottom of the furrow turned by the surface plow.

The admitted benefits of plowing may be tabulated thus:

1. It disintegrates particles, and presents new surfaces to the roots of plants.

2. It admits the air, containing carbonic acid, which acts upon the surface of particles, and liberates the food of plants.

3. It allows the admission of water to dissolve the elements thus released.

4. It permits the free extension of the feeding roots of plants; and

5. By admitting the atmosphere, rains, and dews freely, brings the organic elements in the form of carbonic acid and ammonia, in a position favorable to their appropriation.

In most soils, plowed at ordinary depths, crops are apt to suffer from the effects of drought, and increased depths on all soils are favorable to the prevention of such evil results. The roots of plants are also afforded a more considerable range, and the chances for a full crop are therefore considerably greater.

It is necessary, however, to keep in view the important fact that there are many soils which are not fitted for a sudden change in the depth of plowing; for instance, such as have a cold, clayey subsoil can not be changed into a general surface soil so rapidly as a warm alluvial deposit; hence it is good practice to deepen it from half to one inch at each successive plowing, thus giving time for the atmospheric agencies to ameliorate its condition. But here subsoiling steps in and renders an efficient aid. As the subsoil plow follows the surface plow in the same furrow, merely elevating and loosening the under strata of soil, and not turning it over, no injury is done by presenting a surface unfriendly to vegetation in the place of a fertile soil, as in the case in deep plowing; but the atmosphere is admitted, rains and dews descend loaded with fertilizing matters, and gradually alter the character of the subsoil so that deep plowing may be practiced with safety. The roots of plants will, upon close observation, be found ramifying throughout the subsoil, and by their decay add to the amount of organic matter it contains. It must be evident, therefore, that deep and subsoil plowing should be practiced on all soils of a fair agricultural capacity, and for all crops. Many crops of corn, wheat, etc., have gone through long seasons of drought where deep and subsoil plowing have been practiced, without any evil effects arising therefrom; though on the same quality of soil plowed at ordinary depths only, they have totally failed; in short, we feel warranted in asserting, that by the proper preparation of the soil we may almost defy any season or change of weather. Subsoiling almost entirely prevents the winter-killing of grain and grass; elevates and expands the surface, and consequently throws up grass and grain, severing their roots in whole or in part, and leaving them so exposed as to result in the injury or death of the plant. Now where under-draining and subsoiling are practiced, the soil neither contains too much nor too little water, hence winter-killing does not occur. Taking the wheat plant as a type, there are two sets of roots: one set thrown out near the surface of the soil, running in an oblique direction, called the coronal or crown roots, the other thrown down as a top root from the seed, and termed seminal roots. The former roots are the ones which throw up extra plants, and are called tillering roots. These throw down fibrous or feeding roots corresponding to the seminal roots of the main plant, and when they come in contact with a cold, sour, or compact subsoil, they become unhealthy, unfit to perform their functions; hence the plant depending on them for support withers and dies.

No farmer who understands the principles of breeding, and who would render the rearing of stock profitable, would stint his young cattle in quantity or quality of food, nor would he confine it in an ill-ventilated pen, where impure air, loaded with poisonous vapors, was alone furnished for respiration, because he understands too well the necessity of favoring the development of the animal in all stages of its growth, but more particularly in the earlier periods of its life. As with the animal so with the plant; it must not only have its legitimate elements presented in a form fit for immediate appropriation, but it must have room for the development of root and branch, for if its mechanical structure be imperfect, it must fail to perfect.

Were the soil fully prepared for grain and grass crops, we should not hear of so many dolorous accounts of "wheat winter-killed," "grass and grain crops injured by extreme drought." "The excess of wet this season has caused the destruction of many crops," etc., which daily meet our eyes in the papers.

The benefits of deep, in addition to those given for ordinary plowing are:

1. Presenting a greater surface for the feeding of plants, and facilitating the travel of their roots through the soil.

2. Preventing, in a measure, the ill effects of drought.

Subsoiling claims the following advantages:

1. It disintegrates the subsoil, admits the atmosphere and water, and thus becomes materially altered in its character, so as in time, to become fit to act as surface soil.

2. It permits plants to extend their roots to a store of nourishment for their use, during such seasons as the surface soil is so devoid of moisture as to prevent the possibility of their appropriating materials existing there.

3. In many soils it acts as a partial drain where it reaches a porous subsoil.

4. It prevents winter-killing of grass and grain crops.

Under-draining proves valuable.

1. By removing stagnant waters from the soil, and allowing it to become purified of all acidity which may be injurious to the health of plants.

2. By allowing the free circulation of air, thus bringing its fertilizing gases, and the moisture it contains, within reach of the roots of the crop.

3. By preventing ill effects from drought, on both dry and wet lands. The air, during dry seasons, is loaded with vapor; it is deposited whenever it comes in contact with cold surfaces, as it does when drainage permits it free passage through the soil.

4. By preventing winter-killing of grass and grain crops, in connection with subsoiling.

Indeed, the latter may be considered as so many minor under-drains having outlet in the larger, deeper, laid tile-drains.

Such, then, are the main advantages of deep plowing, subsoiling, and under-draining; and if these are not enough to convince any farmer

that he may increase his crop, or reap greater advantages from small areas than he now does, we shall conclude that no argument will be sufficient to accomplish such an object. The statements made above are not mere empty assertions, but are founded upon positive experiment and long-continued practice by the first farmers of England and the United States.

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